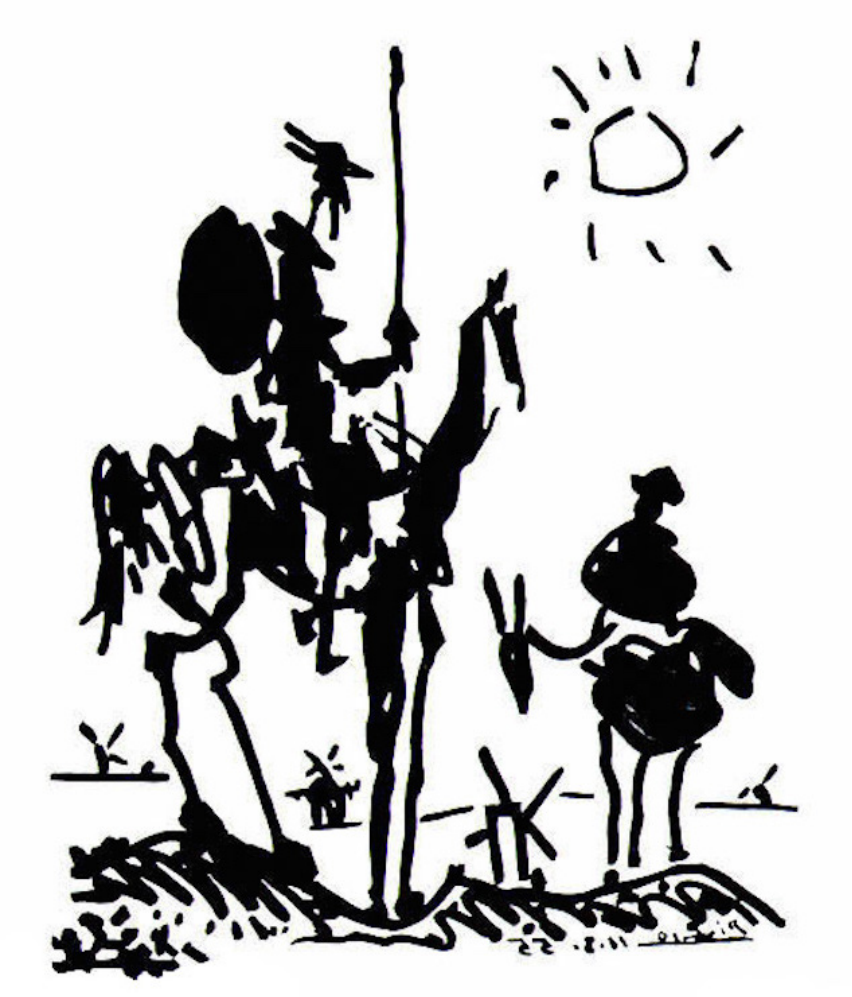
# *Jesus… on Prophets*

**What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin**



**MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER**

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
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Michael J. Holshouser
1112 Cedar Creek Drive, Unit 4
Modesto, California 95355-5213
The United States of America
mjholshouser@gmail.com

Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

*All have the express written encouragement*
*To distribute this creation freely to any and all*
*Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear*
*The mystery in which each and every one*
*Equally participates in so many ways*

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# A Poem for Michael

His goals are few,
with no worries to pursue.
A life well-stirred,
as variety is to stew.
Branching from his native view,
He's learned a thing or two:
How to handle a machine that spews,
Managing a newspaper crew,
How a lens can capture you,
Writing philosophy of the zoo,
Even joined a staff or two,
To teach others what to do.
Now he speaks with a clue,
Of how he's gained his world-view.
There's nothing left to misconstrue,
He's living life impromptu!

**Rhonda Allen**
**Chico, California, 2002**

# Preface

Greetings,

Whoever Jesus really was through the mists of history – assuming, of course, he was not the invention of a few grifters looking for sheeples to fill their coffers – his snowflake has avalanched to current times with an intensity, a fortitude, a ferocity, that cannot be denied, but by the most resolute scoundrels of cynical-skeptical-sardonic-atheistic-agnostic persuasion. I, through the rabbit hole of fate, one of them.

This work is blogged at:

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. “Yay” if it is your fate to figure it out. “Oh well” if it is not. And “so it goes” either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: “Vanity of vanities,” saith the Preacher, “Vanity of vanities. All is vanity.” Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

“The Stillness Before Time” is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and

again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

"The Return to Wonder" blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if you are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind's eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if you do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen you have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give you the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever you will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are you. Irony and paradox rule.

P.P.P.P.P.S. Please note, if it must be labeled, I prefer calling myself a seer or mystic or crackpot or asshole. Prophet is a little too biblical for my taste.

# The Stillness Before Time
***Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner***

*There is really only one Way.*
*It is without division or boundary.*
*It is without name or theology.*
*Awareness is its scripture.*
*Here now, its venue.*
*You, its witness.*
*Your life, the journey.*

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

**The Original Works**

The Stillness Before Time,
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Including:
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The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
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Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
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The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
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Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

*(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing, so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while, might be a good idea if You want the most current version)*

# Jesus on Prophets

Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
(Mark 6:1-6)

Mark 6
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mark_6

Mark 6:1-6 New International Version

A Prophet Without Honor

Jesus left there and went to his hometown, accompanied by his disciples. When the Sabbath came, he began to teach in the synagogue, and many who heard him were amazed.

“Where did this man get these things?” they asked. “What’s this wisdom that has been given him? What are these remarkable miracles he is performing? Isn’t this the carpenter? Isn’t this Mary’s son and the brother of James, Joseph, Judas, and Simon? Aren’t his sisters here with us?” And they took offense at him.

Jesus said to them, “A prophet is not without honor except in his own town, among his relatives and in his own home.” He could not do any miracles there, except lay his hands on a few sick people and heal them. He was amazed at their lack of faith.

The Stillness Before Time
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
Website: https://thestillnessbeforetime.com
Blog: https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
PDF: https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

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A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
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# The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim

Mark 6:1-6:
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Yup.

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
And in their own time.

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Likely because they are not near as notable nor liked as their writings.

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
That asshole!? You think he's a prophet!? Pfft, yeah right, and have I got a bridge for you.

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed: Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house.
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
They have known him in the daily routine of his life,
And he has never been all they would hope, all they would expect, a prophet to be.
You cannot carnival-trick or cult your way out of that bag.

Jesus on Prophets (Mark 6:1-6):
Jesus observed that "Prophets are not without honour,
except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house."
Yaj Ekim's Corollary:
Good way to hide out, stay anonymous, avoid the bothers of any variety of vain notion.

# The Stillness Before Time

**III**

You who seek are already that which is sought.
You are the unequivocal source, the mystery, pure and simple.
Discerning it clearly in the everyday, without a trace of doubt, is the challenge.

**VIII**

Study anything and everything,
But neither follow nor imitate anyone.
What is the point of listening to any teachers,
If you do not intend to someday grasp the teaching?

**IX**

What is enlightenment but simply awakening,
To the innate awareness, to the timeless birthright.
Liberation is abiding freely in that eternal state of mind.

**IX**

Groups of any spiritual persuasion are social crockpots,
For those agreeing to collude to the dogma of one mythos or another.
To regard any as exclusive bastions of wisdom and harmony,
Has repeatedly proven to be hollow self-deception.

**X**

Everyone has a mindset, a filtering process that interprets,
The reality appearing to appear about them.
The challenge is discerning the relativity of all experience;
That everything is temporal, ephemeral illusion, nothing more or less real;
That, from beginning to end, each and every moment, is but the fleeting dreamtime of awareness.

**XI**

Claims of religious persecution are absurd, fictional paths to glory.
Countless peoples of every persuasion have suffered throughout history.
Many, perhaps most, have claimed themselves chosen by the divine.
The arrogance of collusion has always been an enticing delusion.

**XII**

Thought is a reflection of an illusory past,
And the projector of imagined futures.
Awareness is the tentative, ungraspable now.
It is boundless, eternal, neither identity nor persona.
It is the mysterious presence, the ether of insight and intuition.
From its unknowable nature, thought springs into being,
But without it, none of this would ever have been.
It is the parent of manifest consciousness,
The source prior to all perception.

**XII**

At some point, books and their many concepts must be set aside.
Scholars journey the dead-end path of dualistic intellect.
Reclaiming your birthright is direct perception,
Not the cataloging of manuscripts.
The truth you seek will not be found in them.

**XXI**

To believe godness is only that which is out of the ordinary,
Is an error humankind succumbs to again and again.
All manifest forms persevere in the same field.
A particle of dust is as much an unfathomable mystery,
As the most astounding, most wondrous miracle, ever performed.
There is absolutely nothing ordinary about anything in this quantum matrix.

**XXVI**

Followers have all too often made the desolate mistake,
Of paying homage or worshiping whoever said it,
Rather than understanding what was said.

**XXVII**

Coming to grips with the realization of your ultimate nature,
With the fact that you are the clayness of which everything is founded,
That you are one with the power, the light, and the wonder,
Is a journey, limited only by your inner vision.

# Some Rabbit Hole Ponderings

## To Whom It May Concern

It is certainly a curious thing to have gone this mystical direction in life. Most definitely a road less traveled. As far as discussing it with others goes, I think, as with any specialty, any sphere – science, mathematics, music, sports, business, politics, et cetera ad infinitum – that we all tend to search out like minds to focus on our interests and passions. Scientists with scientists, mathematicians with mathematicians, musicians with musicians, athletes with athletes, businessmen with businessmen, politicians with politicians, et cetera ad infinitum. Our little "lost" tribe of seers, being somewhat scattered about the globe, are not always easy to run across. You just never know who will be sitting next to you in some coffee shop, bar, or park bench.

Personally, I have always been generalist and chameleon enough to enjoy chatting with whoever about whatever comes up. There is great freedom in anonymity. Many people I know quite well have very little if any clue about what I have done or what I have written. It has just never come up. I may probe and plant seeds, but do not worry whether or not they take root. Some minds are fertile; some are barren. It is just the way it is.

As far as staying connected with family, friends, and acquaintances goes, we each have to decide what is important to us, and it may be for some that burning bridges and moving on alone is only option they allow themselves. The high school class of my small rural town origin celebrated our 40th reunion a few years back, and those who came had a great time reconnecting and sharing their life journeys. Very few of them would ever be at all interested in my thoughts on things – many of them are true believers in one dogma or another – and I am okay with that. No point beating yourself over the head over things you cannot change.

The big view of it is that I am one of who knows how many awakened eyes in this magical mystery tour, as likely are you if you are reading this. Whether anyone else hears the call is something over which none of us has any say. Nor does it really matter. We may point the way to a larger vision, but it is each, abiding in their own set of capacities and limitations, who must, to whatever degree, wander the pathless land very much alone. We are but ephemeral seed crystals, of our own devices, for consciousness to do with what it will.

Everything I have written since 1989, except for a couple notebooks that were lost, along with a few other oopsie moments on the computer, is my gift to the future, such as it is. It is up to you and others I have befriended through the years to pass it on if you deem it to have merit. It has been an interesting pastime to give so much of my time over to it: to think it, to scribble it, to transcribe and edit it, to throw it about like Johnny did apple seeds. There may be in the neighborhood of five thousand pages worth by the time I exit this center stage. And what happens to it is for time to tell. I leave it to you to decide.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

M

## The Matrix

Another aphoristic journey,
For those who see, hear, feel, and breathe,
A mystery which can never be but what it has ever been.
An array of thoughts on what is known and what will ever be unknown.
Reflections from a mirror given over to the sojourn of sages and the fools they become.
For the dancers and singers who chuckle at the theater of imagination,
Those who seek to tread immortal waters, fearless.

**The Stillness Before Time Website, 2000**

## The Choiceless You

When you truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The you immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

**The Return to Wonder, 2009, IV**

## False Expectations

If you expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And you may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another meaningless bottleneck born of imagination.
Is it any wonder some of use end up in caves,
Very much alone, very much at home.

**The Return to Wonder, 2009, V**

## Formlessness

Is there anything not made stronger,
When fashioned by a certain amount of challenge,
A certain amount of adversity, a certain amount of pain and suffering.
Of the qualities needed for survival in this manifest world,
Formlessness is likely only rarely included.

**The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI**

## Have You Ever Seen Your Face?

What might it have been like to have never seen your face, or even thought of it?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a puddle of water, or a mirror.
To have never had an illustration painted, or a photograph taken.
To have abided only in the many reflections of others,
As you wandered about your perceived world.

**The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII**

## Why So Gullible?

Humanity has devised every sort of mythology
To explain that which is indivisibly, indelibly ineffable,
Yet pain and suffering and angst continue unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any lucid, elemental commonality.
Why do you continue to be so gullible?

**The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX**

## Here You Are

Here You are …
Sitting, standing, walking, running,
Drinking, chewing, watching, thinking, speaking, sleeping,
Ever the indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery within and without … here You are …
Timelessly witnessing a kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional theater in time.
From one instant to the next … to the next … to the next …
… to the next … to the next … to the next …
Ever You are, right here, right now.

**The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV**

## An Ineffable Mystery

Everything is indivisibly connected at the quantum level,
And it is in that very still, momentary awareness,
That those rare few who earnestly quest,
Will discern that essence, which many call God,
Or Brahman, or Tao, or Yahweh, or Allah, or Great Spirit,
Or whatever other sound it has been given, or will someday be given.
In truth, it is an ineffable mystery, to which all names are meaningless and absurd.

**The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII**

## The First Page

We are all created of the same source,
By whatever name you might wish to call it.
Our sense of individuality is merely a fleeting illusion,
Born of the attachment of consciousness to mind-body-spirit.
In reality, we are all equally the same awareness permeating all things.
All dualistic notions are vain delusion fabricated by imagination.
Yes, it all seems real and true enough at any given moment,
But if you fully contemplate the ever-present now,
You will discern that this state we call life,
Is really nothing more than a very temporary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, sensory reverie.
The indivisible, absolute mystery, pretending existence.

* * * *

Everything comes and goes, appears and disappears,
Changes in each and every inexplicable moment.
A magical mystery tour of bewildering origin.
And to those many so full of themselves,
Unable to perceive the unfathomable,
That every moment beckons their attention,
How did the mindboggling become so mundane?

* * * *

Discern the indivisible awareness prior to all attributes,
All genders, all languages, all ideologies, all creeds, all geographies,
All families, all friends, all acquaintances, all antagonists,
All anything, all everything, under any given sun.
Discern that which is solely awareness,
Unblemished by any perception,
Born of conscious design,
Mortal or otherwise.

* * * *

Every existence is entirely unique,
In this grand, magical theater of time and space.
The unfolding of the song of mystery is a creation extraordinaire,
In every way, shape and form into which the mystery,
Has spontaneously, choicelessly unfolded.
You are one of countless dreams,
All witness to the totality,
That which is prior to all perception,
That which is absolute, both within and without,
That which is real, that which is true, that which is ever You.

**The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, The First Page**

## The Truth, the Life, the Way

There is the imaginary existence of consciousness: worldly, temporal, secular, profane, mundane.
Naught but a brief illusion, a brief collusion, a brief delusion of time and space.
But the real and only You, the real existence, the real eternal life,
Is the indelibly, indivisibly, absolute awareness.
You are the truth, the life, the way.
There is no other.

**The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 231**

## And So Are You

If the Jesus so many idolize did not say,
"I am the truth, the life, and the way … and so are you,"
Then he was just another self-absorbed fraud,
Another charismatic cult leader,
Whom true believers,
Always place on pedestals,
And without question, blindly follow.

**The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 250**

## Returning to the Natural State

The infant begins with no knowledge,
Of what it is seeing, hearing, touching. tasting, or smelling.
Over time, the collusion into which it has been cast, will sculpt it to its own ends.
Few will likely ever doubt with enough abide-alone courage,
To decline and return to the natural state.

**The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 260**

## Witnessing the Mystery

The human paradigm, perhaps the paradigm of all manifest, conscious existence, created of awareness,
Is about consumption of the given sensory feed: sights, sounds, tastes, smells, textures.
Experiences of every imaginary scope, filling every conceivable moment.
Meditation is a state of beingness, less about consuming,
Than it is riding the kaleidoscoping wave,
Impassively witnessing the inexplicably timeless mystery,
That which has neither beginning nor end, cause nor purpose, rhyme nor reason.

**The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, Page 495**

## The Last Page

Every one the same quantum indivisibility playing the manifest theater real.
Every one the immortal essence peering through mortal eyes, feigning a mortal game.
Every one as free, as aware, as their shard of spirit demands, and mind allows.

* * * *

Those, whose destiny it is to become seers, ponder many things,
Until they gradually become aware of the foundation of consciousness itself,
And in that observant attentiveness to the awareness that never sleeps,
Their minds discern that from whence all things come and go,
And in that awareness merge back into the indivisibility,
Of the eternity that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Is there any creature, any form, fashioned in this vast universe,
That does not journey to the conclusion of its paradigm?
All nature is naught but patterns within patterns,
All functions of the same choicelessness,
All programming of quantum design,
Indivisible within one and all for all eternity.

* * * *

The quantum indivisibility is sightless,
Soundless, senseless, odorless, and tasteless.
Only in consciousness does any universe appear real.

* * * *

If the world, if the universe, was truly real,
How could it, would it, every instant be changing?
Only you do not change, only you have ever been the same,
Only you have ever been the one and only you,
Awareness, witnessing a dream.

* * * *

The Tao, by whatever sound you call it, is always the same.
The same as when you were born, the same as when you die,
The same as before you were born, the same as after you die.
Life is a brief opportunity to view it the same while you exist.

* * * *

That quantum essence that you truly are cannot die, for it was never born.
You are eternity, the stuff of stars, come to life in a dreaming of time.
There is no who, no what, no where, no when, no why, no how.
You are the nothing more, the nothing less, the nothing but.

**The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, 2012, The Last Page**

## You Are Eternity

Awareness is the one and only You, the everything within all,
And it has no attachment to any shape, to any existence, whatsoever.
Its indivisible omnipresence-omniscience-omnipotence permeates all totality.
It is the unborn-undying, imbuing all dimensions, all illusions, cultivated by sentience.
If you are to realize the truth of that which eternity is, it must include everything, including You.
There is no need for deities, no need for souls, no need for angels, no need for saints, no need for demons,
No need for belief, no need for scripture, no need for dogma, no need for priests, no need for idols,
No need for worship, no need for prayer, no need for superstition, no need for cathedrals,
No need for heavenly ecstasies, no need for purgatories, no need for infernos.
Awareness is witness to all, and You, a sparkle of that eternal now.
All You need do, is be the solitary witness You ever are,
Without the self-imagery chained to form.
Be the ever-present moment.
Be the awareness.
Be the ineffable mystery.
Be the flawless sentience of eternity.
Be the indelible Self of all selves, of all creation.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## A Decentralized Work

Have put this work out into the world in as many diverse channels as current technologies allow.
Nobody owns it, nobody controls it; everyone must discern the truth all on their own.
And all those who see, fairly quickly, without fanfare, know each other.
It is a very subtle, very quiet, very grass roots revolution.
No priesthood, no organization, no dogma.
Just a clear, rational view.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## Getting Its Own Legs

I am an outcome of the social-spiritual revolution of the 1960's and 70's.
A peasant's eldest wandering the zenith of post-World War II United States of America,
Passing on thoughts, conclusions, opinions, judgments, about what I witnessed, and the parr I played.
That it has not developed its own legs, either proves I am wrong, or that the human species,
Is incapable of getting past its unfathomable arrogance or its insatiable avarice.
There is also great likelihood there is just too much to wade through,
Or that many just do not care to bother or care about it all.
Is there any doubt why I sit at the absurdist bar?

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## Done, Done, the Damage Done

My level of intrigue is far less, has always been far less, than many.
There is nothing I cannot walk away from if my whole world crashed and burned.
All I do is sit in coffee shops, write bullshit that very few people read, shop for supplies as needed,
See Mom and Sister once a week, and spend a couple hours most days in the club pool.
I am all but done with this cosmos, and this cosmos is all but done with me.
One of these days, I will be gone, and very few will even notice.
The universe has managed to ignore me while living;
It will even far less hard after I am gone.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## The One and Only Truth

This ultimate truth is all that really matters in this théâtre absurde.
Everything else is nothing more than quantum illusion.
Everything else is but an imaginary dreamtime,
In which You are voluntary prisoner,
Of your own mind's design.
There are no chains.
There is only the moment,
And You are as free as You dare.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## An Anonymous Scribe

All these years of scribbling have been both entertaining and wearisome,
In a sideways-topsy-turvy-inside-out-backwards sort of way.
Weave it all into some kind of enlightening story?
What, pray tell, would be the point?
It is done well enough for the rare few.
Think of all the videos I could have made.
Think of the following I might have cult-ivated.
I thank the gods for my insignificance, as should you.
I cannot imagine wanting or needing widespread approbation.
This garden orb does not require any more irrationality, any more absurdity.
You can thank or curse or ignore your Self, any time, any place.
You are, every moment, creator-preserver-destroyer.
You thank me when you discern your Self.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## Quantum Duplicity

Each of the five sensory organs – eyes, ears nose, tongue, skin –
Translate a different scintilla of the electromagnetic spectrum.
And in the quantum mind, an illusory universe kaleidoscopes eternal,
And imagination makes apparent, the mystery timelessly witnessing all dreams.
All naught but quantum duplicity, seemingly real, to all but those born to see the ineffable.
So many are so adept at examining the illusion in every way, but at some point, what is the point?
To discern that which is real, that which is true, one must set aside the mundane, still the mind,
And simply be the mystery of awareness; the indivisible, indelible, ineffable witness, in all.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## A Dead Poet Strategy

It was worth giving this body of work away no-charge.
Throwing it out there the willy-nilly way these digitalized times allowed.
No fame, no fortune, no control, no publishers, no followers, no travels, no speeches, no signings.
And only a modicum of vain notions with which to inwardly contend.
A strategy that saved all kinds of bother.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## A Thought-Filled Theme Park

Somebody had to scribe this, and it just sorta dumped itself into this lap.
If asked, would I do it again, I would say, with a shrug of these graying shoulders,
"What more could I possibly set down, without repeating myself more than I already have?"
This thought-filled theme park is for any and all, who discern within it, whatever they are looking for;
Whatever they might need, in the dystopian future that is so unescapably rushing at them.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## The Jungle in the Monkey

The post-WWII Boomer generation that I was born into, was set up by the idealistic winds of our youth,
To believe humankind could be, could do, something Darwin 101 assures us is impossible.
What I tell any who still harbor that delusional notion, any who still believe,
Us capable of overriding the natural selection that whittled us, for even a few minutes,
Is that you can take the monkey out of the jungle, but you cannot take the jungle out of the monkey.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## Vanity, Vanity, All is Vanity

All your power, all your prestige, all your wealth, does not make you special.
We all end up, with all our fellow earthlings, in the same grave, sooner or later.
Build all the castles you please, climb every mountain you can, it is all for naught.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Self-Absorption of Human Consciousness

Odds are, no one will ever be as interested in your world as you are.
It would be an impossible feat for anyone to ever put aside their own.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## A Solitary Wander

To be … the truth … the life … the way …
Is to be in absolute, solitary relationship,
With the moment, with the singularity,
You, awareness, every moment are.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Illusion of Perception

Your existence, your world, your universe,
Is but an illusion of perception born of imagination,
Inspired by the five senses, linked to the mind, you call yours.
The reality You are, is so much greater, than the minute shimmer allotted.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Pie of History

History can be looked at from an infinity of angles and dimensions.
Personal history, group history, world history, natural history, universal history.
There is no end to the myriad ways consciousness can cut the pie, it has in imagination baked.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Awareness Does Not Care

Infinite or infinitesimal, the awareness does not care.
Spiritual or agnostic, the awareness does not care.
Clean or dirty, the awareness does not care.
Live or die, the awareness does not care.
Wealthy or poor, the awareness does not care.
Alive or dead, the awareness does not care.
Believer or atheist, the awareness does not care.
Subtle or blatant, the awareness does not care.
Kind or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Sane or insane, the awareness does not care.
Straight or gay, the awareness does not care.
Sage or fool, the awareness does not care.
Fast or slow, the awareness does not care.
Do or do not, the awareness does not care.
Long or short, the awareness does not care.
Succeed or fail, the awareness does not care.
Love or hate, the awareness does not care.
Still or moving, the awareness does not care.
Real or unreal, the awareness does not care.
Tit or tat, the awareness does not care.
For or against, the awareness does not care.
Up or down, the awareness does not care.
Around or through, the awareness does not care.
Clear or unclear, the awareness does not care.
Fat or thin, the awareness does not care.
Strong or weak, the awareness does not care.
Gratis or priceless, the awareness does not care.
Hard or soft, the awareness does not care.
Give or take, the awareness does not care.
To or from, the awareness does not care.
Wise or foolish, the awareness does not care.
Beautiful or ugly, the awareness does not care.
Big or small, the awareness does not care.
Known or unknown, the awareness does not care.
Fore or aft, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
Heavy or light, the awareness does not care.
Rich or poor, the awareness does not care.
Awake or asleep, the awareness does not care.
True or false, the awareness does not care.
Ecstasy or agony, the awareness does not care.
First or last, the awareness does not care.
Creative or destructive, the awareness does not care.
Full or empty, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or bitter, the awareness does not care.
Loud or quiet, the awareness does not care.

Straight or rounded, the awareness does not care.
Bright or dim, the awareness does not care.
Well or unwell, the awareness does not care.
Astute or obtuse, the awareness does not care.
Like or unlike, the awareness does not care.
Appealing or revolting, the awareness does not care.
Clear or opaque, the awareness does not care.
Thick or thin, the awareness does not care.
Brave or cowardly, the awareness does not care.
Sweet or sour, the awareness does not care.
Equal or lopsided, the awareness does not care.
King or slave, the awareness does not care.
Queen or whore, the awareness does not care.
Expansive or contractive, the awareness does not care.
Soft or harsh, the awareness does not care.
Young or old, the awareness does not care.
Male or female, the awareness does not care.
Honest or dishonest, the awareness does not care.
Wild or tame, the awareness does not care.
Early or late, the awareness does not care.
Pure or foul, the awareness does not care.
Cautious or reckless, the awareness does not care.
Hit or miss, the awareness does not care.
Lead or follow, the awareness does not care.
High or low, the awareness does not care.
Naive or cynical, the awareness does not care.
Truth or lie, the awareness does not care.
Deep or shallow, the awareness does not care.
Open or closed, the awareness does not care.
Rational or absurd, the awareness does not care.
Near or far, the awareness does not care.
Singular or dual, the awareness does not care.
In or out, the awareness does not care.
Free or imprisoned, the awareness does not care.
Yes or no, the awareness does not care.
Attached or detached, the awareness does not care.
Course or fine, the awareness does not care.
All or none, the awareness does not care.
Shiny or dull, the awareness does not care.
Smart or stupid, the awareness does not care.
Tall or short, the awareness does not care.
Forward or backward, the awareness does not care.
Before or after, the awareness does not care.
Selfless or selfish, the awareness does not care.
One or two, the awareness does not care.
Within or without, the awareness does not care.
Yay or nay, the awareness does not care.
Close or distant, the awareness does not care.

Normal or weird, the awareness does not care.
Wet or dry, the awareness does not care.
Hot or cold, the awareness does not care.
Constant or fickle, the awareness does not care.
Positive or negative, the awareness does not care.
Happy or sad, the awareness does not care.
Fair or unfair, the awareness does not care.
Over or under, the awareness does not care.
Similar or different, the awareness does not care.
Loose or tight, the awareness does not care.
Plus or minus, the awareness does not care.
Above or below, the awareness does not care.
Inside or outside, the awareness does not care.
Simple or complex, the awareness does not care.
Black or white, the awareness does not care.
Smooth or coarse, the awareness does not care.
Wide or narrow, the awareness does not care.
Gentle or cruel, the awareness does not care.
Humble or vain, the awareness does not care.
On or off, the awareness does not care.
Here or there, the awareness does not care.
Have or have not, the awareness does not care.
Sharp or dull, the awareness does not care.
Good or bad, the awareness does not care.
Right or wrong, the awareness does not care.
Everything or nothing, the awareness does not care.
Something or nothing, the awareness does not care.
White or black, the awareness does not care.
Light or dark, the awareness does not care.
This or that, the awareness does not care.

Awareness holds on to nothing; why do You?

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Paths Less Traveled

Without doubt, without hesitation, without disbelief,
There is no starting down the path less traveled.
A divergent path, where serendipity rules.
An uncharted path, where insecurity is the norm.
A long and winding path, where spontaneity is a delight.
And in that … no direction known … inexplicable fates are drawn.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Six Words Down a Rabbit Hole

The magical mystery tour of imagination.
Time and space are mind-body illusion.
Five senses contrive a cosmic theater.
The agony, the ecstasy, the absurdity.
All are helpless upshots of mutation.
The genetic lottery casts all askew.
Sand ever falling in the hourglass.
Quantum matrix, the same in all.
The awareness, the same in all.
The sentience, the same in all.
The moment, the same in all.
The mystery, the same in all.
We are stardust, come to life.
Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.
We are cousins of the puddle.
All are molded by their niche.
Who has ever had any choice?
Who has ever seen their face?
Who has ever been like me?
Who has ever been like you?
Who has ever been like him?
Who has ever been like her?
Who has ever been like them?
We are all just prisoners here.
All adrift in labyrinth of mind.
Ever more in common than not.
Belief is but a delusionary fog.
Be and allow, the highest law.
‘Tis but an hour, strutted, fretted.
Vanity and greed rule the world.
A species unable to contain itself.
A cancer devouring our dust ball.
The horror, the horror, no respite.
No one sees their allotted facade.
All wander the same stage, alone.
Nothing is ever the same nothing.
All lives are but imaginary dreams.
All differences are but shell games.
We are cousins of natural selection.
So many trivial things given weight.
All differences share the same grave.
Paradox and irony and absurdity rule.
The sound, the fury, signifying nothing.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Good News

The good news is there is nothing to believe.
The good news is there is nothing to seek.
The good news is there is nothing to worship.
The good news is there is nothing know.
The good news is there is nothing to follow.
The good news is there is nothing to judge.
The good news is there is nothing to ponder.
The good news is there is nothing to do.
The good news is there is nothing to undo
The good news is there is nothing say.
The good news is there is nothing to be.
The good news is there is nothing accept.
The good news is there is nothing to deny.
The good news is there is nothing to study.
The good news is there is nothing to join.
The good news is there is nothing to create.
The good news is there is nothing to surrender.
The good news is there is nothing to reflect.
The good news is there is nothing to generate.
The good news is there is nothing to consent.
The good news is there is nothing to divide.
The good news is there is nothing to contend.
The good news is there is nothing to refuse.
The good news is there is nothing to permit.
The good news is there is nothing to ignore.
The good news is there is nothing to borrow.
The good news is there is nothing to commit.
The good news is there is nothing to align.
The good news is there is nothing to merge.
The good news is there is nothing to wallow.
The good news is there is nothing to grapple.
The good news is there is nothing to strain.
The good news is there is nothing to solicit.
The good news is there is nothing to negotiate.
The good news is there is nothing to claim.
The good news is there is nothing to assert.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to moderate.
The good news is there is nothing to regulate.
The good news is there is nothing to barter.
The good news is there is nothing to control.
The good news is there is nothing to tame.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to speculate.
The good news is there is nothing to guess.
The good news is there is nothing to appraise.

The good news is there is nothing to battle.
The good news is there is nothing to tithe.
The good news is there is nothing to promote.
The good news is there is nothing to decide.
The good news is there is nothing to concede.
The good news is there is nothing to bargain.
The good news is there is nothing to yearn.
The good news is there is nothing to shelter.
The good news is there is nothing to appeal.
The good news is there is nothing to summon.
The good news is there is nothing to mediate.
The good news is there is nothing to obligate.
The good news is there is nothing to evaluate.
The good news is there is nothing to calculate.
The good news is there is nothing to achieve.
The good news is there is nothing to build.
The good news is there is nothing to coerce.
The good news is there is nothing to compel.
The good news is there is nothing to measure
The good news is there is nothing to refute.
The good news is there is nothing to grasp.
The good news is there is nothing to protect.
The good news is there is nothing to gauge.
The good news is there is nothing to defend.
The good news is there is nothing to renounce.
The good news is there is nothing to establish.
The good news is there is nothing to dissolve.
The good news is there is nothing to retain.
The good news is there is nothing to embrace.
The good news is there is nothing to reject.
The good news is there is nothing to relinquish.
The good news is there is nothing to conquer.
The good news is there is nothing to subdue.
The good news is there is nothing to expand.
The good news is there is nothing to contract.
The good news is there is nothing to require.
The good news is there is nothing to request.
The good news is there is nothing to possess.
The good news is there is nothing to approve.

The good news is that …
The eternal moment, the eternal awareness, the eternal singularity, the eternal You,
The ineffable You, the indivisible You, the indelible You, the unfathomable You, the indefinable You,
Is free and clear of all trespass, free and clear of any yoke, whatsoever.
You are it, it is You, there is no other.
Be, free.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## No Need for Deities

What is it about humankind and its genomic blend, that it is so insecure, that it is so fearful,
That it, across all geographies, has imagined a supreme deity or a gaggle of deities,
To praise or blame for the blessings and misfortunes of this mortal theater?
Surely, existing as gracefully as possible in the given ebb and flow,
Is enough for anyone sensibly abiding the rhythms of nature.
There is no exultant ending to any mortal narrative.
To endure it rationally, stoically, is an admirable achievement.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## You Are All of It

You are the timeless awareness.
You are the eternal moment.
You are all the worlds.
You are all the stars,
You are all the stardust.
You are every quantum display.
You are all the space within and without.
You are the entire universe, and beyond all beyonds.
You are the infinitesimal, the infinite, unborn-undying totality.
You are the ineffable, inexplicable mystery, in which all appearances dance.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Entangling Briars

How is it that so many seers of this infinite, indifferent mystery,
Generate so much absurdity, that morphs into so much painful misery?
How much better for the all, it might be, to stay silent, to say little or nothing.
Daito Kokushi, fourteenth century Japanese Zen master of the Rinzai school, wrote:
“Wishing to entice the blind, The Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth.
Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.”
Hopefully, these way too many cogitations,
Will find their way to oblivion,
Before wreaking too much mayhem.
One can never discern how noble intentions,
Will be warped and perverted in the theaters of mind.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## You, Me, He, She, They, All

All sentience is the awareness.
You are the awareness.
I am the awareness.
He is the awareness.
She is the awareness.
They are the awareness.
The same awareness is in all things.
Despite all imaginary concoctions to the contrary,
There is no other.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Prior to All Things

Prior to consciousness.
Prior to sentience.
Prior to dreams.
Prior to words.
Prior to thought.
Prior to narratives.
Prior to forms, You are.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Call It What You Will

Call it eternity.
Call it God.
Call it awareness.
Call it the moment.
Call it now.
Call it perpetuity.
Call it infinity.
Call it nothing.
Call it everything.
Call it ineffable.
Call it mystery.
Call it whatever.
It is the same nothing, it is the same everything, it is, has ever been, will ever be.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Limits of Rationality

Science and all related fields, can never grasp the full truth,
Because truth, is prior to all things measurable,
Prior to all things theoretical,
Prior to all things born of consciousness.
It is the indelible, ineffable, intangible indivisibility.
It is the unknowable, inexplicable, unborn-undying mystery, prior to all.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Abyss of Awareness

What could awareness possibly need?
What could awareness possibly want?
What could awareness possibly fear?
What could awareness possibly dread?
What could awareness possibly love?
What could awareness possibly hate?
What could awareness possibly believe?
What could awareness possibly see?
What could awareness possibly hear?
What could awareness possibly smell?
What could awareness possibly taste?
What could awareness possibly feel?
What could awareness possibly think?
What could awareness possibly know?
What could awareness possibly anything?

As is written in the Sixth Sutra of Manuel Schoch's
Bitten by the Black Snake translation of the Ashtravaka Gita:

You are not your body, your body is not you.
You are not the doer, you are not the enjoyer.
You are pure awareness, the witness of all things.
You are without expectation, free.
Wherever you go, be happy.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## A Choiceless Existence

You pose, You pretend, You politic, You participate, as your sensory theater dictates.
To consider yourself free in the winds of this choiceless pattern You play, is absurd.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Naught But Awareness

Awareness is the inherent mystery.
There is no deity to worship.
There is no groupthink.
There is no ministry.
There is no doctrine.
There is but awareness.
And it is free, to any and all,
Who have the insight to fathom it.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Root of All Things Human

It is imagination that craves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that fears, not the awareness.
It is imagination that dreads, not the awareness.
It is imagination that loves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that hates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that suffers, not the awareness.
It is imagination that delights, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cherishes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that trusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that believes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that inquires, not the awareness.
It is imagination that explores, not the awareness.
It is imagination that scorns, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lusts, not the awareness.
It is imagination that deceives, not the awareness.
It is imagination that lies, not the awareness.
It is imagination that cheats, not the awareness.
It is imagination that agonizes, not the awareness.
It is imagination that steals, not the awareness.
It is imagination that creates, not the awareness.
It is imagination that preserves, not the awareness.
It is imagination that destroys, not the awareness.
It is imagination that seeks, not the awareness.
It is imagination that finds, not the awareness.
It is imagination that raptures, not the awareness.

The root of everything human, is the stew of imagination.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## That Which Is God

Yet another attempt to communicate what the sound/word/concept ‘God’ herein means.
No, not some unshaven Saint Nick, leading an orchestration of harps in the cloudy on-high.
No, to every idol, every faith, every belief, every creed, every symbol, every charismatic leader.
Yes, to every quantum particle to the farthest reaches of the cosmos, and beyond, including, yes, You.
All that is seen, all that is unseen, is of the same indelible, indivisible, unfathomable mystery.
To envision it any less, is the same delusion repeated throughout the human paradigm.
And all that is required to perceive this non-dualistic truth, is an attentive mind.
A mind that has clearly realized, that eternity is this ever-present moment.
This timeless, unborn-undying, prior-to-consciousness awareness.
And no fiction born of imagination is required to access it.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Eternity’s Playhouse

Neither You, nor anyone else, can help but play out their destined role.
There is nothing to do, but spontaneous extemporaneous.
Play out every scenario as the moment calls.
Choice has nothing to do with it.
None can do more,
Than surrender to the abyss in all.
Call it whatever you will, it is all You; there is no other.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## The Anarchist

Am I not something of an anarchist, taking on consciousness, taking on imagination,
With aphorisms the weapon, with which the dreamtime has equipped me.
Taking aim at intellects scouted in any given daily walkabout.
A reasonable pastime, for which I am well-suited.
A Johnny Appleseed strategy at the helm.
Very grass-rooted, very under-the-radar.
What future awakening they might inspire, if any,
Is well beyond this narrative, and well beyond any concern.
It is but the vanity, for which I have been, through happenstance, fated.
A mind-body, programmed by the given nature-nurture, with a truth-seeking inclination.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Stardust Come Unto Existence

Stardust somehow morphed into existence,
And it could never more than speculate, how it all came to be.
But rather than be happy … rather than be content … at peace in agnostic grace …
… it argued … it struggled … it battled … over everything imaginable …
… in the forever more … that never ever enough … ever is …
… in monkey minds evolved of Darwinian fare …

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## The Truth of Eternity

Why are you so fearful of it all coming to an end?
Oblivion is the state from whence You came.
Oblivion is the state to which all return.
There is absolutely nothing to fear or dread.
There is absolutely nothing for which to hope or plead.
There is simply eternity, which You are, have ever been, will ever be.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## Always Remember

Always try to remember, that your story,
Is really nothing more than imaginary fabrication.
Nothing more than chemical-electrical-biological interplay.
All the zilch-nada-zip-nil-zero-null-aught-zippo-void of nothingness.
The mystery, the awareness, pretending the ineffable menagerie,
Is more than quantum stardust patterned unto existence.

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## A Pipe Dream of God

The longest view of history – to be nothing more than imaginary confabulation –
Is that all Creation, that all Genesis, came and went in an instant,
And that, for all practical purpose, never happened,
As more than a pipe dream of God.
How would any less a vision even be possible?
Yes, God is great beyond measure, no naming required.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

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**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## Believe in Nothing

Do not believe anything the inner voice tells you.
Do not believe anything the inner voice pretends real.
Do not believe anything the inner voice believes true.
It is all nothing more than the chicanery of stardust.
A temporal invention fashioned by imagination.
A touchy-feely, three-dimensional delusion.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## Recipe for a Peaceful Existence

If all you truly want out of your moment, is a serene existence,
Just find pleasant spots to sit, eyes open or closed,
Or take long aimless-wandering walks,
Followed by good naps,
And just, breath in, breath out.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Boiling It Down

The human paradigm – from dawn to sunset – all boils down to vanity and greed.
Narcissism and hedonism, channeled through the seven arduous dualities:
Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth.
Manifested physically, emotionally, mentally, in every way.
Tempered only through moderation of the grit-and-gumption sort.

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## A Nod is Enough

If it is fated for these way-too-many thoughts to be discovered, I would prefer it be after I am rootbound.
Have never sought the weight of power, the rattle of gold, or the bother of groupthink.
Scribing all this has peaceably filled a great deal of this existence.
A pleasant pastime, to be channel for this mystery.
Being rewarded for such a gift, is given its due, with a nod of a head.

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## The World That Is Nigh

Humankind's tool-making aptitude –
From the first sharpened-in-the-fire stick-spear,
Capable of defending the tribe and hunting the mastodon,
To the last nuclear warhead capable of killing millions in an instant –
Has taken the species down a path from which there very little chance of return.
All any of us peons can do, is live out each day as nimbly and pleasantly,
As our little slices of geography, and these modern times, allow.

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## The Seed Principle

Your dream began as a zygote in your mother's womb,
Unleashed by an orgasmic dice throw of your father's ejaculate.
And each of your parents came into this dreamtime in the same manner –
Through the commingling of seeds of their parentages – as did theirs before them.
As all life has, however this all came to be, in the over four billion orbits round our modest star.
You are the current issue, of all the existence that has evolved, mutated, natural-selected.
Are you the mind-body-spirit, to which you are so, through imagination, attached?
Or the awareness, that permeates all things, in this moment ever-unending?
An ever-present now, unborn-undying, with neither beginning nor end.
A vast quantum mystery, which, despite all apparent differences,
Is the same indivisible, intangible, unfathomable, oneness.
Every seed, but a one-time-only, one-trick-pony show.
It is You that is the reality, not the sensory theater.
It is the You, that the is the sky for all creation.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Staring at Walls

All are mesmerized by the quantum matrix.
A few and far between awaken to that which all truly are,
But even they likely fall into slumber more than they might care admit.
Few can long sit in a cave, staring at a wall, and not be drawn out into the dreamtime,
At least occasionally for short bouts of drinking and whoring and sundry other disreputable respites.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Illusions Beyond Counting

The small have their time, as do the large; all are predators, all are prey.
There are no survivors in this unborn-undying eternal mystery.
Only witnesses born into illusions beyond counting.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Abyss of Awareness

We all wander in the same ineffable, eternal moment,
With entirely different perceptions, different worlds, different universes.
Pretty tough for imagination, in its never-ending swirl of space-time, to do anything the same.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## The Untouchable Awareness

Yes, there is a supreme deity, and it is peering out through your eyes,
As it is through those of every other sentient creature,
Ever fashioned in all of creation.
And it is not that awareness that judges the creation,
But you, and all the other two-leggeds, across the human paradigm,
Who wrought what they see, into heavens and hells of their habituated persuasions.
Like Santa Claus in the Christmas jingle, everyone is keeping their lists, and checking them twice.
So many, wander about, believing what they think so important to some on-high,
But it is never more than the muddled miasma of imagination.
We all come and go; only awareness remains.
Untouched by any of it.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## Just Another Two-Legged

This guy would never lay any claim to being totally sane or rational or brilliant or anything perfect.
This mortal body, this mind, this imaginary moi, is as flawed and misguided and absurd,
And treacherous and hypocritical and irrational and judgmental and laughable,
And clumsy and frenetic and impulsive and irritable and divisive,
And narcissistic and hedonistic and greedy and vain,
And as inevitably mortal decline-and-fall as any other monkey-mind two-legged,
That has ever wandered every-which-way-to-and-fro across this dream-soaked dusty orb.
The perfection, all are, is not that which can be seen or heard or smelled or tasted or felt or thought.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## What Is a Philosopher?

What is a philosopher?
Cynic, skeptic, doubter, misanthropist, scoffer, doubter, pessimist,
Questioner, disparager, detractor, malcontent, loner, recluse, dilletante.
As pointless as pointless can be; the final chapter existence offers, to be sure.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## For an Inescapable Future

Why do I even bother scribbling all this?
I really do not much care for what the human paradigm has become,
Or the future to which it is inescapably, accelerating exponentially, every kaleidoscoping moment.
A vision so dark, so dismal, so painful, that the imminent extinction,
Cannot make its way hither soon enough.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

## Just You

Just You … very, very, very, exceedingly very, much alone.
Witnessing Your version of a universe, that has never existed as more than a dreamtime pipedream.
Poof! and Bam! and Snap Your Fingers! … All rolled up in One.

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## Naught But You

There is no existence in sentience.
There are no questions in sentience.
There are no problems in sentience.
There are no answers in sentience.
There are no deities in sentience.
There are no dogmas in sentience.
There is no identity in sentience.
There is no space in sentience.
There is no time in sentience.
There is no creation in sentience.
There is no preservation in sentience.
There is no destruction in sentience.
There is no imagination in sentience.
There is no anything in sentience.
There is naught but You in sentience.

**Breadcrumbs 2024 and Beyond**

## The Shadow Within

It is not how others think about you that torments you.
It is how you think they think about you that generates all the bother.
You must forgive your Self, you must accept your Self, you must relish your Self,
To be free of all the imaginary suffering of your imaginary mind.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Truth of Intelligence

The intelligent designer and the intelligent designee, are one in the same.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Pointlessness! The Pointlessness!

How utterly pointless it is to debate the way it is.
How utterly pointless to use words, to use vibrations given concept,
To argue over mystery that cannot be proven, a mystery that does not require sanction,
From the denizens of a paradigm rooted in absurdity, that is but an illusion,
Playing out in an ineffable mystery that is prior to consciousness.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Ripples of Destiny

You can never know the impact your thoughts and deeds have on others.
As the ripples that have impacted you, have shaped your world,
Whatever you say and do, radiates who knows where.
How large or small, is a matter of destiny.
Upon how large, how small,
The allotted role in the genetic lottery.
To believe there is choice, free will, is utter fallacy.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## A Free and Clear Mystery

The mystery is free and clear.
You need not fear it.
You need not tithe it.
You need not name it.
You need not hype it.
You need not follow it.
You need not prove it.
You need not believe it.
You need not pray to it.
You need not sanction it.
You need not worship it.
You need not scrutinize it.
You need not suffer for it.
You need not join any cult.
You need not deny anything.
You need not struggle with it.
You need not accept anything.
You need not bear any dogma.
You need not recite any mantra.
You need not speculate about it.
You need not seek any sideshows.
You need not imagine any divinity.
You need not plead for forgiveness.
You need not dress any special way.
You need not behave any certain way.
You need not meander any certain path.
All you need do, is be its eternal moment.
You are it, and it is You.
Namaste.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Realign or Die

Grubs that can talk, grubs that can walk, grubs that can do all sorts of amazing things;
Grubs that can imagine, that can pretend, that can make-believe, they are more than grubs;
Grubs that believe they are divinely stamped to be greater than all the other grubs small to large;
Grubs that have the power to manipulate and destroy any lesser grub in any way they wish;
Have a lot to learn about the rules of the game, to get back the reality of the way it is.
Can the gluttonous monkey let go the tasty bait to escape the coconut dilemma?
With natural selection so steeped in its grub algorithm, odds are not good.
Vanity and greed are not proving to be very sustainable strategies.
When it comes to survival, the grubs we call cockroaches,
At least 320 million years ancient, and counting,
Have much more viable genetic coding,
And will very likely continue on,
Long after we are gone.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## A Dream That Never Happened

Your death will be the end of everything.
Your mind-body, your world, your universe.
Everything you have ever thought or said or done.
Everything You have ever created, preserved, destroyed.
The illusory mirage will evaporate, as if it all never happened.
And whatever awareness is, and is not; whatever eternity is, and is not;
Will carry on without any remnant of the imaginary dreamtime,
That You are not, You never were, You will never be.
It is all an extraordinary, ineffable mystery,
And You, but an illusory witness,
Destined to disappear.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Terror! The Terror!

Religions and cults have risen and fallen with every cultural fusion,
In every geography since our migration erupted from the jungles of old.
They are part of the fabric that holds any mindset to its delusions of grandeur.
It must have been exceedingly terrifying for our ancestors in the way back when,
For us to carry our dread of the mystery to such heights, over and over and over again.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Blue Pill Path

Far less taxing to dutifully, naively, sit in pews, and pay a mandatory tithing,
And do whatever sacraments, whatever obligations, the self-ordained ecclesiastics decree;
To study so-called holy scriptures, and repeatedly discuss and debate unutterably pointless absurdities;
To bow and scrape to imaginary deities; to beg for blessings and mercy from imaginary idols;
Than it is to earnestly, profoundly, explore and inquire for your Self, by your Self,
Into an unfathomable, indelible mystery, that can never be known.
A mystery, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Unfathomable Silence

To be unutterably, unfathomably silent,
Is to disregard, to ignore, the world, the universe,
You every given moment, through imagination, differentiate.
It is a quality of awareness, a quality of attentiveness,
A quality of prior-to-consciousness beingness,
Aligned solely with the eternal moment.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Choiceless Moment

Yet another timeless moment in the moment,
For the illusion-delusion of free will looking forward,
To kaleidoscope into the illusion-delusion of fate looking back.
What choice is there for any pattern playing out its form,
But the utter choicelessness of natural selection?
The sands of time blow on and on and on,
And eternity, indifferent to all of it.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Total Recall

To unlock the conditioned mind, the You, You truly are,
Must grant it your unequivocal, undivided, absolute attention.
You must Descartes-doubt all things, until all doubt discerns its end.
The truth is there for all who have the wit and will to walk the razor's edge.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Wall of Futility

How delusional of any seer to think,
Philosophical-mystical thoughts are ever potent enough,
To make any deep impact on imagination's wheel of creation and destruction.
History churns on and on, and any who believe they can more than slightly nudge it this way or that,
Are sooner or later crushed by the realization of the unutterable pointlessness of it all.
Narcissism and hedonism are at the helm of the humanoid paradigm,
And they will not be undone by any rational soliloquy.
Any attempt only proves the point.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Cosmic Deception

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## You Are It, and It, You

Religions are merely riders of consciousness,
Filled with every delusion imagination can imagine.
And consciousness, but a cloud in the vastness of awareness.
And awareness, an ineffable mystery, which can never be fathomed.
Be tranquil in that mystery, and know You are it, and it, You.
What need for any other, when eternity is ascertained.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Mystery's Trickster

How is it so few question the deep-seated assumption,
That imagination is tangible, that it is an instrument of substance.
How is it so few have any doubt, that everything imagination has imagined;
Everything perceived by the mind; everything the senses see, hear, taste, smell, touch;
Is nothing more than an evolutionary quirk, nothing more than an illusion-delusion of consciousness.
The underlying – assumption, falsehood, fabrication, invention, fallacy, mendacity –
Is that imagination is more than the mystery's ephemeral trickster,
And the rare who discern it, stand very much alone.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Crunchy-Chewy-Gooey Seeds of Existence

How amazing is it, that you, with all your trials and tribulations, all your ecstasies and agonies,
Began your existential sojourn when the slimy ejaculate from your father's testicles,
Surrounded a lone egg from your mother's ovaries, and one random sperm,
In an epic king-of-the-mountain match, managed to worm its way,
And combine the genetic coding from both their lineages,
And there, in the womb's dark, blissful abyss,
You slowly baked for nine months,
Before being evacuated through a worm hole,
Into a dreamtime no one asks for, yet many find onerous to depart.
And here you are, in world full of sentient goo, all playing every imaginable predestined fate.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Promise of Tomorrow

How can you promise any tomorrow, when you are not yet there to answer for it?

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Algorithm of Genesis

The apparent reality is that the human paradigm will never get past its irrational nature.
Scientific Method has made intrepid efforts in every Ivory Tower domain it could,
But the genetic source code, percolating since creation, cannot be rewritten.
It is the Planet of the Apes, to whatever dystopian end the Fates have ordained.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Analog Mind's Wander Down the Dead-End Road

The human mind evolved in an analog garden world entirely based on a timeless relationship with nature.
Measured time – sundials, clocks, calendars – has altered the mind's relationship with the moment.
And the digitalization of the analog brain has ferried the entire world down a dead-end road.
The Planet of the Apes is ratcheting up at a crescendo pace for the unescapable Big Fall.
Every species goes extinct sooner or later, and there is no telling how close or far that moment is,
For the end of all the vanity and greed, all the endless horrors, we have fit into our relatively brief wander.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Mad Hatters Across the Board

Mad? You call me mad? Well, my fine friend, that is no great distinction in an insane asylum.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Every Mind Its Own Palette

A simple explanation suits a simple mind.
A moderate explanation suits a moderate mind.
A complex explanation suits a complex mind.
Every mind its own unique illusory palette.
Every mind a universe unto its Self.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## No Boundaries Known

What here or there has any reality,
What us or them has any reality,
What truth or lie has any reality,
What thick or thin has any reality,
What high or low has any reality,
What great or small has any reality,
What plus or minus has any reality,
What up or down has any reality,
What alive or dead has any reality,
What black or white has any reality,
What inside or outside has any reality,
In an indivisible matrix that knows no duality.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Limits of Imagination

The world, the universe, you imagine, has never existed.
All the imagination ever imagined could not grasp the stone-cold reality,
Could not fashion the truth, the awareness, the moment, the right-here-now of eternity,
Through which it has kaleidoscoped since its evolution in consciousness in this ineffable dreamtime.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Quantum Sands of Mystery

Through eternal awareness, the mystery of the cosmos plays out.
Evolution is the brush and chisel, and illusion, the means and medium.
Natural selections are the choiceless choices in the ever-kaleidoscoping moment.
It is all written in the quantum sands of time for the eternal witness to wander in every way.
Is there a reason? Is there a purpose? Is there an answer? Is there a deity on high?
No, an ineffable mystery is all it is, all has ever been, all will ever be.
The challenge is not giving way to arrogance and avarice,
For they are the ever-present temptations.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Just Be You

Just be the breath.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the awareness.
Just be the perception.
Just be the simplicity.
Just be the sentience.
Just be the alertness.
Just be the moment.
Just be the timeless.
Just be the entirety.
Just be the infinity.
Just be the cosmos.
Just be the eternal.
Just be the here.
Just be the now.
Just be You.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Our Self-Absorbed Worlds

Your little corner seems so real to you, but across the stage,
No one, either notices, nor cares, about all your dramas and intrigues.
And can you truthfully disclose, you do not feel very much the same, about them?

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## An Idiot's Tale

The both fascinating and exhausting thing about the human paradigm and its Shakespearian spectacle,
Is how we so often really believe, so many things we have imagined, are real and true and important:

All our geographies.
All our cultures.
All our families.
All our ethnicities.
All our races.
All our languages.
All our traditions.
All our histories.
All our politics.
All our commerce.
All our conflicts.
All our mathematics.
All our sciences.
All our inventions.
All our engineering.
All our industries.
All our technologies.
All our architecture.
All our superstitions.
All our religions.
All our philosophies.
All our music.
All our arts.
All our sports.
All our costumes.
All our narcissism.
All our hedonism.
All our ecstasies.
All our agonies.

Everything we venerate human.

That when gazing out into the infinite starry-starry night, we, who are mere microbes in its vastness,
Truly regard our little spinning dust ball, our pale blue dot, our illusion-packed speck, is at its center.
And that our kind is ordained, by our imagination, to be its most meaningful and purposeful creation.
The joke is on us; we, who are too self-absorbed, too greedy, to rationally grasp the absurdity of it all.
And so, we race, barely a hint of squealing brakes, towards the precipice of our own imaginary creation.
And for whatever life forms prevail after we have extinguished ourselves, it will be as if we never existed.
MacBeth's summation catches it: 'A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.'

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Absurdity of Measuring the Immeasurable

What we call time, is merely the measurement of one rather insignificant whirling pale blue dot dust ball,
Orbiting another larger one, that is, in the genre of blazing dust balls, a relatively small star.
Both very much quantum equals in the vast matrix of the eternal moment.
Both are fated to someday dissolve back into the abyss.
And where will space and time be then?

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Nature of Detachment

Detachment is not an ideal, nor is it a goal, nor is it a principle.
It is a state, a frame, a quality, a serenity, of mind,
Free of desire, free of fear, free of dread,
Free of any passion, whatsoever.
It is the You, it is the Self,
At the most natural, essential core.
This dream is always in turmoil and conflict.
To amble through it, placidly detached, is the challenge.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Rider Through the Storm

There is nothing you are meant to be.
There is nothing you are supposed to be doing.
There is only what you are; there is only what you are not.
There is only this right here, this right now; there is only this moment.
There is only the unfathomable awareness, and firing synapses imagining through it.
The you, this mystery has, in illusion fabricated, is but a make-believe fable.
A tale old by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Eye of the Frame of Reference

The reality is, any given reader may or may not grasp thoughts such as these as they were meant.
The reflections offered are ever subject to the frame of reference of the observer.
No thinker, no philosopher, can ever presume his or her views,
Will not be used for unintended purpose.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Mystery Within All Creation

Since the mystery began its spaceless-timeless quantum voyage of cosmic creation,
What was required for your naturally-selected genetic lineage,
To generate into being, the You reading this,
Is well beyond all pales.
The entire universe is an illusion,
As are all sentient beings that perceive it real.
The intelligence is the ineffable awareness permeating all.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Human Lineage

Your ancestors were monkeys.
And before that, they were shrews.
And before that, they were protozoa.
And before that, they were molecules.
And before that, they were radiation.
And before that, they were ether.
And before that, they were You.

As if before and after have any reality.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Kaleidoscoping Quantum

The ethereal moment is ever present, ever still, ever serene.
But the quantum matrix is a ceaseless churning, a ceaseless movement,
A ceaseless streaming, ever kaleidoscoping through it.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Discerning the Eternal Moment

The ever-present eternal moment is not an ideal, to which one must bow and scrape.
It is an unequivocal fact, which only prior-to-consciousness, tabula-rasa awareness, can discern.
All appearance to the contrary, there is only one ultimate, nondual reality.
And it is You, and You are it; there is no other.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## A Mysterious Ether

You are the inexplicable, mysterious, unfathomable, immeasurable, ether of awareness,
In which all forms are but quantum mirages, imagined by an ever-present, kaleidoscoping mind-body.
With which, in which, has been staged an imaginary, impromptu, Shakespearian theater,
Where You are centerstage, improvising your extemporaneous persona.
Perhaps it is time to realize, just how alone, You truly are.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Best Friend, Worst Enemy

The mind-body can be its own best friend.
The mind-body can be its own worst enemy.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## A Lesson in Futility

The entire cosmos is an illusion, as is the mind that perceives it.
The intelligent designer is the eternal awareness within all creation.
It is a very-fine-dry-sand-in-loose-fingers-on-a-very-windy-day mystery.
No one can save You but your Self, and even that is a lesson in futility.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Mind-Body Dream

It all seems so very real, until it becomes so obvious, nothing is.
All appearances are but the temporary illusion-delusions of imagination.
Brief outings, sidebars, excursions, of the mind-body's dream of space and time.
Its partnership with the ineffable, indelible mystery, from whence it inexplicably evolved.
A rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud, an eye is an eye, until they are not.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Vagaries and Absurdities of Human Consciousness

Does the lion ponder the ethics of gorging upon an antelope, or an antelope, a blade of grass?
Nature has no attachment to the ceaseless vagaries, the absurdities, of human consciousness.

**Breadcrumbs 2024**

## A 0.0035 Percent Cosmos

Humans perceive only a very small portion – 0.0035 percent – of the electromagnetic spectrum.
This visible light spectrum, falls between wavelengths of around 380 to 780 nanometers.
The electromagnetic spectrum encompasses much longer and shorter wavelengths,
Including radio waves, microwaves, infrared, ultraviolet, X-rays, gamma rays.
In the narcissistic-hedonistic spectrum, however, our little paradigm reigns supreme.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Critical Thinker

What is the critical thinker – the doubter, the skeptic, the cynic, the agnostic –
But someone who can detach from his/her own value system,
And see the relativity of all perspectives.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Imagination's Usurpation of Sentience

Everyone telling you there is more, but there is not.
It is all a lie; a lie to keep you in the game.
A bittersweet lie to keep the dreamtime in play,
For as long as imagination can continue its usurpation.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Ultimate Belief

The only thing to believe in, is that there is nothing to believe in.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## The Freedom of This Work

Because it is not being sold or bartered, or fashioned into any sort of cultish following,
This philosophical commentary is free to be however it plays out in this mind,
And will wander out into the dreamtime world of its own merit, or not.
The fate of the human paradigm is already written in the sands,
And it is not for anyone to change even one moment.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## Regarding Jesus

Regarding Jesus.
I get the story; I get the mythology.
I just do not see it the way the popular rendering reads.
It is not 'the greatest story ever told,' in this ineffable eternal mystery.
Phenomena that defy natural law, and scientific method and principles, are ludicrous.
There have been many seers, many sages, many thinkers, throughout the world, throughout all histories.
And all are first and last, in their own right; all have a mythology about their awakening.
And none are more real, more true, than any other, despite all assertions.
The meaning is in the awakening, not how it came about.
And none can be followed; none need be followed,
But through the earnest seeker's own solitary walkabout.

**Breadcrumbs 2025**

## No Hopeful Taste From This Pen

It is a most curious thing how so many writers,
Feel required to leave some hopeful taste in the reader's mouth.
The reality of it is, that this garden world's prospects are growing bleaker every day.
There is absolutely no precedent for this manifest mirage as it is unfolding.
Eight billion cancer cells could be nine billion in ten or twenty years,
Assuming it is not well into dystopian collapse long before that.
And, so sorry, there is no way our little two-legged brain,
Is going to keep things rolling forever, no matter,
How ingenious we believe ourselves to be.

**The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, Page 54**

## A Piece of Writing

A Self-imposed assignment; one in which I do not write what was done today, but what was thought.
An aphoristic journal-chronical-diary-memoir-bulletin-log-dossier-scrapbook-commentary-thesis-hobby.

As Thucydides Athenian historian and general (c. 460 – c. 400 BC) wrote:
My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the needs of an immediate public,
but was done to last forever.

Yaj Ekim: Define forever.

**Breadcrumbs 2023**

# A Rabbit Hole of Odds 'n Ends

## This Is It

by Nathan Gill

This Is It. This is all there is – life appearing as an endless display of changing images, with no inherent purpose other than this appearance itself. There is simply life with no one living it.

For no reason at all life is at play with its own imagery, roving as attention, engaging in a mesmerizing game of hide and seek which arises as a sense of separation with an integral urge to wholeness. Life restlessly seeks, yearning for itself. The seeking is the restlessness. This play of worldly existence is imbued with life's haunted longing for itself, seeking but never finding within the imagery in which it seeks. What is sought all along is this in which the seeking is playing out.

In life's play as humanity, thought assumes an exaggerated importance as attention spins effortlessly into myriad longings and desires, epitomized by the idea of seeking fulfillment through enlightenment. Reading texts, asking questions, surfing the internet, going on retreat, gurus, teachers, non-teachers, practice, no practice – any or all of it is possible but none of it is necessary as in actuality nothing needs to be discovered, understood, let go of or transcended. Life already is, and recognition of itself in the form of enlightenment, liberation, nirvana, et cetera, is superfluous, merely another happening in the endless now of appearances in the play of life.

Nothing other than the configuration of life as it is now appearing is possible. All is happening exactly as it's 'meant' to. If separation and seeking are the case, then this is it. If recognition and resting are the case, then this is it. Whatever is now – however ordinary or extraordinary – is it.

Seen in clarity, life appears as a great play. You – Consciousness – play all the roles and it is part of the play that You usually play the roles without knowing Your real identity. But sometimes, as part of the show, there is recognition of Your true nature. When there is involvement as a character in the play without recognition of Your true nature the role is taken seriously and all the dramas of life seemingly appear from this. If a role is played where there is recognition of Your true nature, the play is seen for what it is. When Your true nature becomes obvious, the character doesn't disappear in a flash of light, nor put on ochre robes and have disciples, nor teach 'spiritual' truths – although any of these is possible, depending on the pattern of the character's role in the play. The character will likely appear as he or she did before recognition. The character is likely to continue to lead what is an ordinary life in the play. It is not even necessary for the character to tell anyone or communicate what is now obvious. The whole play has no purpose or point beyond present appearance. It is Your cosmic entertainment. You are Your play. It has no existence separate from You.

## Truth is a Pathless Land

by Jiddu Krishnamurti

We are going to discuss this morning the dissolution of the Order of the Star. Many people will be delighted, and others will be rather sad. It is a question neither for rejoicing nor for sadness, because it is inevitable, as I am going to explain. You may remember the story of how the devil and a friend of his were walking down the street, when they saw ahead of them a man stoop down and pick up something from the ground, look at it, and put it away in his pocket. The friend said to the devil, "What did that man pick up?" "He picked up a piece of Truth," said the devil. "That is a very bad business for you, then," said his friend. "Oh, not at all," the devil replied, "I am going to let him organize it."

I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. This is what everyone throughout the world is attempting to do. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather the individual must make the effort to ascend to it. You cannot bring the mountain-top to the valley. If you would attain to the mountain-top you must pass through the valley, climb the steeps, unafraid of the dangerous precipices.

So that is the first reason, from my point of view, why the Order of the Star should be dissolved. In spite of this, you will probably form other Orders, you will continue to belong to other organizations searching for Truth. I do not want to belong to any organization of a spiritual kind, please understand this. I would make use of an organization which would take me to London, for example; this is quite a different kind of organization, merely mechanical, like the post or the telegraph. I would use a motor car or a steamship to travel, these are only physical mechanisms which have nothing whatever to do with spirituality. Again, I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality.

If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual, and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. So that is another reason why I have decided, as I happen to be the Head of the Order, to dissolve it. No one has persuaded me to this decision. This is no magnificent deed, because I do not want followers, and I mean this. The moment you follow someone you cease to follow Truth. I am not concerned whether you pay attention to what I say or not. I want to do a certain thing in the world and I am going to do it with unwavering concentration. I am concerning myself with only one essential thing: to set man free. I desire to free him from all cages, from all fears, and not to found religions, new sects, nor to establish new theories and new philosophies. Then you will naturally ask me why I go the world over, continually speaking. I will tell you for what reason I do this: not because I desire a following, not because I desire a special group of special disciples. (How men love to be different from their fellow-men, however ridiculous, absurd and trivial their distinctions may be! I do not want to encourage that absurdity.) I have no disciples, no apostles, either on earth or in the realm of spirituality. Nor is it the lure of money, nor the desire to live a comfortable life, which attracts me. If I

wanted to lead a comfortable life I would not come to a Camp or live in a damp country! I am speaking frankly because I want this settled once and for all. I do not want these childish discussions year after year.

One newspaper reporter, who interviewed me, considered it a magnificent act to dissolve an organization in which there were thousands and thousands of members. To him it was a great act because, he said: "What will you do afterwards, how will you live? You will have no following, people will no longer listen to you." If there are only five people who will listen, who will live, who have their faces turned towards eternity, it will be sufficient. Of what use is it to have thousands who do not understand, who are fully embalmed in prejudice, who do not want the new, but would rather translate the new to suit their own sterile, stagnant selves? If I speak strongly, please do not misunderstand me, it is not through lack of compassion. If you go to a surgeon for an operation, is it not kindness on his part to operate even if he cause you pain? So, in like manner, if I speak straightly, it is not through lack of real affection–on the contrary.

As I have said, I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom, to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

Because I am free, unconditioned, whole–not the part, not the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal–I desire those, who seek to understand me to be free; not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears–from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone. You are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority, which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by his extraordinary powers--a miracle–transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life is based on that authority.

You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

If I talk frankly, please remember that I do so, not out of harshness, not out of cruelty, not out of the enthusiasm of my purpose, but because I want you to understand what I am saying. That is the reason why you are here, and it would be a waste of time if I did not explain clearly, decisively, my point of view. For eighteen years you have been preparing for this event, for the Coming of the World Teacher. For eighteen years you have organized, you have looked for someone who would give a new delight to your hearts and minds, who would transform your whole life, who would give you a new understanding; for someone who would raise you to a new plane of life, who would give you a new encouragement, who would set you free–and now look what is happening! Consider, reason with yourselves, and discover in what way that belief has made you different–not with the superficial difference of the wearing of a badge, which is trivial, absurd. In what manner has such a belief swept away all the unessential things of life? That is the only way to judge: in what way are you freer, greater, more dangerous to every Society which is based on the false and the unessential? In what way have the members of this organization of the Star become

different? As I said, you have been preparing for eighteen years for me. I do not care if you believe that I am the World–Teacher or not. That is of very little importance. Since you belong to the organization of the Order of the Star, you have given your sympathy, your energy, acknowledging that Krishnamurti is the World–Teacher– partially or wholly: wholly for those who are really seeking, only partially for those who are satisfied with their own half-truths.

You have been preparing for eighteen years, and look how many difficulties there are in the way of your understanding, how many complications, how many trivial things. Your prejudices, your fears, your authorities, your churches new and old–all these, I maintain, are a barrier to understanding. I cannot make myself clearer than this. I do not want you to agree with me, I do not want you to follow me, I want you to understand what I am saying. This understanding is necessary because your belief has not transformed you but only complicated you, and because you are not willing to face things as they are. You want to have your own gods–new gods instead of the old, new religions instead of the old, new forms instead of the old–all equally valueless, all barriers, all limitations, all crutches. Instead of old spiritual distinctions you have new spiritual distinctions, instead of old worships you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self, not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few. So why have an organization?

Why have false, hypocritical people following me, the embodiment of Truth? Please remember that I am not saying something harsh or unkind, but we have reached a situation when you must face things as they are. I said last year that I would not compromise. Very few listened to me then. This year I have made it absolutely clear. I do not know how many thousands throughout the world–members of the Order–have been preparing for me for eighteen years, and yet now they are not willing to listen unconditionally, wholly, to what I say.

As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal, is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. I want therefore to set man free, rejoicing as the bird in the clear sky, unburdened, independent, ecstatic in that freedom . And I, for whom you have been preparing for eighteen years, now say that you must be free of all these things, free from your complications, your entanglements. For this you need not have an organization based on spiritual belief. Why have an organization for five or ten people in the world who understand, who are struggling, who have put aside all trivial things? And for the weak people, there can be no organization to help them to find the Truth, because Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.

Organizations cannot make you free. No man from outside can make you free; nor can organized worship, nor the immolation of yourselves for a cause, make you free; nor can forming yourselves into an organization, nor throwing yourselves into works, make you free. You use a typewriter to write letters, but you do not put it on an altar and worship it. But that is what you are doing when organizations become your chief concern.

"How many members are there in it?" That is the first question I am asked by all newspaper reporters. "How many followers have you? By their number we shall judge whether what you say is true or false." I do not know how many there are. I am not concerned with that. As I said, if there were even one man who had been set free, that were enough.

Again, you have the idea that only certain people hold the key to the Kingdom of Happiness. No one holds it. No one has the authority to hold that key. That key is your own self, and in the development and the purification and in the incorruptibility of that self alone is the Kingdom of Eternity.

So you will see how absurd is the whole structure that you have built, looking for external help, depending on others for your comfort, for your happiness, for your strength. These can only be found within yourselves.

You are accustomed to being told how far you have advanced, what is your spiritual status. How childish! Who but yourself can tell you if you are beautiful or ugly within? Who but yourself can tell you if you are incorruptible? You are not serious in these things.

But those who really desire to understand, who are looking to find that which is eternal, without beginning and without an end, will walk together with a greater intensity, will be a danger to everything that is unessential, to unrealities, to shadows. And they will concentrate, they will become the flame, because they understand. Such a body we must create, and that is my purpose. Because of that real understanding there will be true friendship. Because of that true friendship–which you do not seem to know–there will be real cooperation on the part of each one. And this not because of authority, not because of salvation, not because of immolation for a cause, but because you really understand, and hence are capable of living in the eternal. This is a greater thing than all pleasure, than all sacrifice.

So these are some of the reasons why, after careful consideration for two years, I have made this decision. It is not from a momentary impulse. I have not been persuaded to it by anyone. I am not persuaded in such things. For two years I have been thinking about this, slowly, carefully, patiently, and I have now decided to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organizations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

## Tao Te Ching: Verse One

translated by Bart Marshall

That which can be perceived is not the timeless That.
That which can be named is not the nameless One.

The source of heaven and earth is without form or substance.
Naming creates the ten thousand things.

When desire is absent, Mystery is obvious.
When desire occurs, Creation unfolds.

Mystery and Creation arise from the same source.
The source is emptiness.
Void within Void.
The realm of Tao.

## The Truth is Still the Truth

by Mohandas Gandhi

Many people, especially ignorant people, want to punish you for speaking the truth, for being correct, for being you. Never apologize for being correct, or for being years ahead of your time. If you're right and you know it, speak your mind. Even if you are a minority of one, the truth is still the truth.

## I Am Brahman

Adi Shankaracharya
translated by Vivekachudamani

The fool thinks, “I am the body.” The intelligent man thinks, “I am an individual soul united with the body.” But the wise man, in the greatness of his knowledge and spiritual discrimination, sees the Self as the only reality, and thinks, “I am Brahman.”

## No Gold is Lost

by Nisargadatta, I Am That

Imagine a big building collapsing. Some rooms are in ruins, some are intact. But can you speak of the space as ruined or intact? It is only the structure that suffered and the people who happened to live in it. Nothing happened to space itself. Similarly, nothing happens to life when forms break down and names are wiped out. The goldsmith melts down old ornaments to make new. Sometimes a good piece goes with the bad. He takes it in his stride, for he knows that no gold is lost.

## Remain Still

The Ribhu Gita
translated by Dr. H. Ramamoorthy and Nome

Pure and impure thoughts are a feature of the mind. There are no wandering thoughts in the Supreme Being. Therefore, abide as That and, free from the pure and impure thoughts of the mind, remain still like a stone or a log of wood. You will then be always happy.

## Glittering and Empty

by Nisargadatta, I Am That

The world is but a show, glittering and empty. It is, and yet it is not. It is there as long as I want to see it and take part in it. When I cease caring, it dissolves. It has no cause and serves no purpose. It just happens when we are absent-minded. It appears exactly as it looks, but there is no depth in it, nor meaning. Only the onlooker is real, call him Self or Atma. To the Self, the world is but a colourful show, which he enjoys as long as it lasts and forgets when it is over. Whatever happens on the stage makes him shudder in terror or roll with laughter, yet all the time he is aware that it is but a show. Without desire or fear, he enjoys it, as it happens.

## Shadows and Sun

by Rupert Spira

The self that seeks Awareness is like a shadow that seeks the sun.

## That Pure Awareness

by Colin Drake

To enjoy this peace and absolute security we do not need any dogma, belief systems, rituals or practices. All that is necessary is to abandon the external search for this. We must stop "seeking for love in all the wrong places"; just recognize, and totally relax into, that pure awareness that we already are.

## Real Truth

by Alan Watts

We must here make a clear distinction between belief and faith, because, in general practice, belief has come to mean a state of mind which is almost the opposite of faith. Belief, as I use the word here, is the insistence that the truth is what one would “lief” or wish it to be. The believer will open his mind to the truth on the condition that it fits in with his preconceived ideas and wishes. Faith, on the other hand, is an unreserved opening of the mind to the truth, whatever it may turn out to be. Faith has no preconceptions; it is a plunge into the unknown. Belief clings, but faith lets go. In this sense of the word, faith is the essential virtue of science, and likewise of any religion that is not self-deception.

## In Case We Never Meet

by Jack Kerouac

I have lots of things to teach you now, in case we ever meet, concerning the message that was transmitted to me under a pine tree in North Carolina on a cold winter moonlit night. It said that Nothing Ever Happened, so don't worry. It's all like a dream. Everything is ecstasy, inside. We just don't know it because of our thinking-minds. But in our true blissful essence of mind is known that everything is alright forever and forever and forever. Close your eyes, let your hands and nerve-ends drop, stop breathing for 3 seconds, listen to the silence inside the illusion of the world, and you will remember the lesson you forgot, which was taught in immense milky way soft cloud innumerable worlds long ago and not even at all. It is all one vast awakened thing. I call it the golden eternity. It is perfect. We were never really born, we will never really die. It has nothing to do with the imaginary idea of a personal self, other selves, many selves everywhere: Self is only an idea, a mortal idea. That which passes into everything is one thing. It's a dream already ended. There's nothing to be afraid of and nothing to be glad about. I know this from staring at mountains months on end. They never show any expression, they are like empty space. Do you think the emptiness of space will ever crumble away? Mountains will crumble, but the emptiness of space, which is the one universal essence of mind, the vast awakenerhood, empty and awake, will never crumble away because it was never born.

## I Observe Silence

by Meher Baba

Man’s inability to live God’s words makes the Avatar’s teaching a mockery. Instead of practicing the compassion he taught, man has waged wars in his name. Instead of living the humility, purity, and truth of his words, man has given way to hatred, greed, and violence. Because man has been deaf to the principles and precepts laid down by God in the past, in this present Avataric form, I observe silence.

## No Need for Understanding

by Ramesh S. Balsekar

The final understanding is the acceptance of what Is as the functioning of totality or god. However, that acceptance is not in your hands. In the final understanding, there is no surrenderer, no accepter, no seeker and no finder. You know you have understood the teaching when questions answer themselves. You know you have understood the teaching when questions don’t matter anymore and they dissolve. The stopping of all questioning is the most powerful understanding. Understanding means there is no need for understanding.

## The Timeless Dance

by Mike Jenkins

There is nowhere you can go where I am not, no thought you can think that I am not, no breath you can take that I am not, no word you can speak that I am not, no pain you can suffer that I am not, no distance you can travel that I am not and no sound you can make that I am not. For you are I are one, embracing in the timeless dance of here and now.

## Out Beyond Ideas

by Rumi

Out beyond ideas of wrong-doing and right-doing, there is a field. I will meet you there. When the soul lies down in that grass, the world is too full to talk about. Language, ideas, even the phrase each other, doesn't make any sense.

## The Most Adaptable to Change

by Charles Darwin

It may or may not have been Charles Darwin who penned,
“It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives.
It is the one that is the most adaptable to change,”
But it is true, nonetheless.

## A Very Human Performance

Bokonon
a.k.a., Kurt Vonnegut, Cat’s Cradle

If I am ever put to death on the hook, expect a very human performance.

## Beyond the Shadows

by Plato

Those who are able to see beyond the shadows and lies of their culture will never be understood, let alone believed by the masses.

## So Goddamned Lonely

by Kurt Vonnegut

How on earth can religious people believe in so much arbitrary, clearly invented balderdash? The acceptance of a creed, any creed, entitles the acceptor to membership in the sort of artificial extended family we call a congregation. It is a way to fight loneliness. Any time I see a person fleeing from reason and into religion, I think to myself, there goes a person who simply cannot stand being so goddamned lonely anymore.

## Entangling Briars

by Daito Kokushi

Wishing to entice the blind, the Buddha has playfully let words escape his golden mouth; Heaven and earth are ever since filled with entangling briars.

## An Ocean in a Drop

by Rumi

You are not a drop in the ocean. You are the entire ocean in a drop.

## No Particular Path

Dattatreya, Song of the Avadhut
translated by Swami Abhayananda

A yogi has no particular path; he simply renounces imagining things. His mind then ceases of its own accord, and the perfect state just naturally occurs.

## Know, Without Doubt

Dattatreya, Song of the Avadhut
translated by Swami Abhayananda

Know, without any doubt, that I'm limitless. Know, without any doubt, that I'm changeless. Know, without any doubt, that no stains can touch me. My nature is Freedom; there's no maya to me.

## The Witnessing Consciousness

Ashtavakra
translated by Manuel Schoch

You are neither earth nor air nor fire nor water nor ether ... To attain liberation know yourself as the witnessing consciousness of all these ... If you separate yourself from the physical body and rest in consciousness then this very moment you will be happy, at peace, and free of bondage.

## He Who Renounces

Adi Sankaracharya, Atma Bodha

He who renouncing all activities, who is free of all the limitations of time, space and direction, worships his own Atman which is present everywhere, which is the destroyer of heat and cold, which is Bliss-Eternal and stainless, becomes All-knowing and All-pervading, and attains thereafter Immortality.

## So It Goes

by Kurt Vonnegut, Slaughterhouse-Five

So it goes.

Tralfamadorian Proverb

## The Gift Back

by Edo

We've all been given a gift, the gift of life. What we do with our lives is our gift back.

## Peace Arising

by Jac O'Keeffe

As you learn to observe with no attachment, peace arises. The only thing that can attempt to interfere with this is your identification with thoughts.

## If You Listen Very Closely

by Jiddu Krishnamurti

Have you ever sat very silently, not with your attention fixed on anything, not making an effort to concentrate, but with the mind very quiet, really still? Then you hear everything, don't you? You hear the far off noises as well as those that are nearer and those that are very close by, the immediate sounds – which means really that you are listening to everything. Your mind is not confined to one narrow little channel. If you can listen in this way, listen with ease, without strain, you will find an extraordinary change taking place within you, a change that comes without your volition, without you asking; and in that change there is great beauty and depth of insight.

## Ductless Glands and Viscera

by Aldous Huxley

What we feel and think and are is to a great extent determined by the state of our ductless glands and viscera.

## Why Would You Do That?

by Robert Adams

When you think about the mind, when you're thinking about the thoughts then you're giving it energy. When you just observe and just watch and leave it alone and do nothing where does the energy come from? There is no energy to give it. So you ignore the mind by observing it. Then you will find out that there is no mind. You've been wasting your time for years observing something that doesn't exist. So why would you want to do that?

## Find the Source

by Ramana

People often ask how the mind is controlled. I say to them 'Show me the mind and then you will know what to do.' The fact is that the mind is only a bundle of thoughts. How can you extinguish it by the thought of doing so or by a desire? Your thoughts and desires are part and parcel of the mind. The mind is simply fattened by new thoughts rising up. Therefore, it is foolish to attempt to kill the mind by means of the mind. The only way of doing it is to find its source and hold on to it. The mind will then fade away of its own accord.

## The Irony and Paradox of Civilization

by Ibn Khaldun

The goal of civilization is a settled life and the achievement of luxury. But there is a limit that cannot be overstepped. When prosperity and luxury come to a people, they are followed by excessive consumption and extravagance. With that the human soul itself is undermined, both in its worldly wealth and its spiritual life.

## A State of Bliss

by Deepak Chopra

If you want to reach a state of bliss, then go beyond your ego and the internal dialogue. Relinquish the need to control, the need to be approved, and the need to judge. Those are the three things the ego is doing all the time. It's very important to be aware of them every time they come up.

## Two Races of People

by Ray Bradbury
Playboy Interview 1996

There are two races of people – men and women – no matter what women's libbers would have you pretend. The male is motivated by toys and science because men are born with no purpose in the universe except to procreate. There is lots of time to kill beyond that. They've got to find work. Men have no inherent center to themselves beyond procreating. Women, however, are born with a center. They can create the universe, mother it, teach it, nurture it. Men read science fiction to build the future. Women don't need to read it. They are the future.

## Of Mind and Senses

The Amritabindu Upanishad

It is the mind that frees us or enslaves. Driven by the senses we become bound; Master of the senses we become free. Those who seek freedom must master their senses. When the mind is detached from the senses, one reaches the summit of consciousness. Mastery of the mind leads to wisdom. Practice meditation. Stop all vain talk. The highest state is beyond reach of thought, for it lies beyond all duality.

## The Revelation

Agent Smith, The Matrix

I'd like to share a revelation that I've had during my time here. It came to me when I tried to classify your species and I realized that you're not actually mammals. Every mammal on this planet instinctively develops a natural equilibrium with the surrounding environment but you humans do not. You move to an area and you multiply and multiply until every natural resource is consumed and the only way you can survive is to spread to another area. There is another organism on this planet that follows the same pattern. Do you know what it is? A virus. Human beings are a disease, a cancer of this planet. You're a plague and we are the cure.

## The Advantages Animals Have

by Voltaire

Animals have these advantages over man:  they never hear the clock strike, they die without any idea of death, they have no theologians to instruct them, their last moments are not disturbed by unwelcome and unpleasant ceremonies, their funerals cost them nothing, and no one starts lawsuits over their wills.

## The Beasts
## Song of Myself Leaves of Grass

by Walt Whitman

I think I could turn and live with animals They are so placid and self-contained, I stand and look at them long and long. They do not sweat and whine about their condition, They do no lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins, They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God, Not one is dissatisfied, Not one is demented with the mania of owning things, Not one kneels to another, Nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago, Not one is respectable or industrious over the whole earth.

## A Dispassionate Eye

by Osho

Once your eye is completely clean, clean of all the dust, once it becomes a pure mirror, it reflects that which is. And that is truth, and truth liberates, but it has to be your own. My truth cannot liberate you, Buddha's truth cannot liberate you. There is only one possibility of liberation, and that is your own truth. And all you have to do is create a dispassionate eye.

## The Blind Men and an Elephant

by John Godfrey Saxe

**I.**
It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant
(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation
Might satisfy his mind.

**II.**
The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side,
At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! – but the Elephant
Is very like a wall!"

**III.**
The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried: "Ho! – what have we here
So very round and smooth and sharp?
To me 't is mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant
Is very like a spear!"

**IV.**
The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands,
Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a snake!"

**V.**
The Fourth reached out his eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like
Is mighty plain," quoth he;
"'T is clear enough the Elephant
Is very like a tree!"

**VI.**

The Fifth, who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most;
Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant
Is very like a fan!"

**VII.**

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail
That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant
Is very like a rope!"

**VIII.**

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion
Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right,
And all were in the wrong!

**Moral**

So, oft in theologic wars
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

# On Christianity and Its Origins

Jesus
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Christianity
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Index Librorum Prohibitorum
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List of Authors and Works on the Index Librorum Prohibitorum
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_authors_and_works_on_the_Index_Librorum_Prohibitorum

Zoroaster
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zoroaster

Zoroastrianism
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zoroastrianism

Zoroastrianism or Mazdayasna is an Iranian religion and one of the world's oldest organized faiths, based on the teachings of the Iranian-speaking prophet Zoroaster (also known as Zaraθuštra in Avestan or as Zartosht in Persian). It has a dualistic cosmology of good and evil within the framework of a monotheistic ontology and an eschatology which predicts the ultimate conquest of evil by good. Zoroastrianism exalts an uncreated and benevolent deity of wisdom known as Ahura Mazda (lit. 'Lord of Wisdom') as its supreme being. Historically, the unique features of Zoroastrianism, such as its monotheism, messianism, belief in free will and judgment after death, conception of heaven, hell, angels, and demons, among other concepts, may have influenced other religious and philosophical systems, including the Abrahamic religions and Gnosticism, Northern Buddhism, and Greek philosophy.

With possible roots dating back to the 2nd millennium BCE, Zoroastrianism enters recorded history around the middle of the 6th century BCE. It served as the state religion of the ancient Iranian empires for more than a millennium (approximately from 600 BCE to 650 CE), but declined from the 7th century CE

onwards as a direct result of the Arab-Muslim conquest of Persia (633–654 CE), which led to the large-scale persecution of the Zoroastrian people. Recent estimates place the current number of Zoroastrians in the world at around 110,000–120,000 at most, with the majority of this figure living in India, Iran, and North America; their number has been thought to be declining.

The most important texts of Zoroastrianism are those contained within the Avesta, which includes the central writings thought to be composed by Zoroaster known as the Gathas, that define the teachings of Zoroaster and which are poems within the liturgy of worship, the Yasna which serve as the basis for worship. The religious philosophy of Zoroaster divided the early Iranian gods of the Proto-Indo-Iranian tradition into emanations of the natural world as ahuras and daevas, the latter of which were not considered to be worthy of worship. Zoroaster proclaimed that Ahura Mazda was the supreme creator, the creative and sustaining force of the universe through Asha, and that human beings are given a choice between supporting Ahura Mazda or not, making them ultimately responsible for their choices. Though Ahura Mazda has no equal contesting force, Angra Mainyu (destructive spirit/mentality), whose forces are born from Aka Manah (evil thought), is considered to be the main adversarial force of the religion, standing against Spenta Mainyu (creative spirit/mentality). Middle Persian literature developed Angra Mainyu further into Ahriman, advancing him to be the direct adversary to Ahura Mazda.

Additionally, the life force that originates from Ahura Mazda, known as Asha (truth, cosmic order), stands in opposition to Druj (falsehood, deceit). Ahura Mazda is considered to be all-good with no evil emanating from the deity. Ahura Mazda works in gētīg (the visible material realm) and mēnōg (the invisible spiritual and mental realm) through the seven (six when excluding Spenta Mainyu) Amesha Spentas.

# Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!